

Knowledge's Heart

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Summary: Koushiro seeks the one who will love him back, and she's his Butterfly.

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> Author's Note:

Oooo, Don't you believe in love at first sight! Oh, aye, I do!!! How I do! I already wrote love stories about Joe and Mimi *The best couple, if you ask me! ^^^, and Matt and me *big mistake* *runs away* So, Why not I write about Izzy, the Da Man, and me? You know, when the others know each other for a long time, Izzy only knew his love for a day! Hmmm, interesting, huh? That's why I believe in love at first sight, and when I first saw Izzy, oh, how my heart flutters so! Heheh! Well, Izzy digi-lovers, ENJOY! You will believe in love. Aye, I do! *^_^*

>
 NO WAY! NO DISCLAIMER! NO ONE CAN DISCLAIM MY LOVE FOR KOUSHIRO! *blushes*

>
 As usual, Izzy opened his yellow-white laptop and set it on his lap. He tried to make a comfortable position as he leaned against a blonder at the edge of the clearing. As he waited for the computer to load on, his eyes - so dark brown that they seemed black as the night sky about him - scanned over his sleeping friends. For the first time in Digiworld, they seemed at peace in their sleep, even though they knew they were in danger. Perhaps it was because they were finally together after so long. Thanks to Tai. He was the only one who managed to take them back together. And Sora . . . she had gotten over her hesitation to face her friends when she feared that her crest would never glow. Her love and Garudamon aided the friends to escape the growing darkness that stalked them.

>
 Izzy glanced down to the now glowing screen, the white light illuminating his face. What was he going to do on his computer? Ah, that was right. He would type on his computer, working so hard, but wouldn't find very much about Digiworld or Digimon. He already

understood and learned a lot about them. What would be the point if he worked endlessly and found nothing more? Before, he enjoyed working on his computer, figuring every puzzle known to humans, enjoying challenges. But now, the truth he was focused on his computer only, was that he was lonely. Yeah, he had friends here, but really, he didn't really grow close to them. He was withdrawn, distant. That was a challenge he was afraid to solve. But he didn't understand why.

>
 He blinked in surprise as his computer screen began to fade from white to black, as if it was shutting off on its own. Then he saw his chest glowing - no, not his chest, but something under his shirt. He felt a shifting and an odd warmth from under his shirt. His crest floated out from under his shirt and hovered in front of him. It was glowing deep purple. What was going on? He felt the necklace that the crest was clasped to pulled on his neck, the crest seeming to tug on him. As usual, his curiosity grew, and he stood, careful to put away his computer. He walked quietly around his digimon, who was slumbering by his side.

>
 Following his crest in front of him, Izzy strolled into the jungle, the purple glow the only light to lighten on his hidden path. Soon, the crest stopped at a bush and floated down to his chest. Then he saw another glow pulsating from under the bush, this time pale and faint, as if weak.

>
 He knelt and pushed away the stiff branches, searching for the pale purple glow. He reached his hand for it and gripped on a warm object. Looking at it, he saw that the glow was coming from a lilac-colored crest within a brass tag. Izzy was amazed; he didn't know there was more crests. He saw the image on the crest - a four-pointed star in the center of an half-heart. But there was something wrong. The crest was broken in two. The rugged crack was coming through the heart and the star as if they were worthless, a fierce cut through the pale heart.

>
 Izzy's thumb smoothed over the cloudy screen, his brow in a wondering position. A broken crest. What an useless object. Then he looked down to his crest, perfect and flawless. Yet it must be a reason for my crest to find it. Just in case, I will wear it. He putted the necklace around his neck and looked to both the crests. They looked very alike, except that the broken crest was pale in color, as if it was sickly. But still, it looked beautiful.

>
 To his awe, his crest made a sweet hum, vibrating gently. The broken crest hummed in response, also sweet. The hum was brief, and they halted. Izzy found himself smiling and tucked the crests under his shirt. He could feel the warmth from them as he headed for the camp.

>

>
 They were on the move again. Izzy stayed back at the line, his eyes upward. He watched the winking sunlight through the branches, seeming mysterious. It was a long time since he had ever watched a beautiful scenery, and that was with his parents. Even though he enjoyed watching the scenery, he couldn't shake off the feeling that he was still alone. He longed for someone that would be close to him, understand his feelings. Someone his age. Someone he would trust and, maybe, love.

>
 Izzy stopped in his tracks, noticing that his friends were stopping near something. He saw that they stopped at a cliff, overlooking a cast river. There was a long rope bridge across the river. He noticed that the bridge was ancient, the ropes worn out, the boards slightly rooted. The bridge swayed quietly in the wind.

>
 Wait a second. We have to cross that?! he heard the oldest

boy, Joe said, his voice usually full with anxiety.

>
 No way! Mimi agreed with Joe. She moved closer to Joe, her hazel eyes wide at the bridge.

>
 Tai spoke with courage, his tan eyes on the bridge, Don't worry. Birdramon can carry us, right, Sora?

>
 Sora was shaking her head wisely. Wrong. Yokomon is too tired to digivolve now. Sure enough, Yokomon was slumbering in her partners' arms, oblivious to her surroundings.

>
 Izzy took his time studying the bridge as he heard Tentomon saying, I can digivolve to carry you.

>

>
 His friends seemed to turn in one smooth motion, many pairs of eyes gazing at Izzy in puzzlement. He almost wished to take back the word back in his mouth. But it was logical for him to say no to Tentomon's suggestion. His black eyes met his friends's eyes, speaking calmly, My personal opinion is that we shouldn't waste our digimon's energy to perform mere tasks. We can do it without help. I'm positive this structure is stable enough for us to cross. As he spoke, he found himself walking past his friends toward the bridge.

>
 No, Izzy, wait! he heard the worried voice of Sora from behind. But he didn't stop.

>
 Don't worry, Izzy said, turning to grin confidently at the kids. I will prove to you that the bridge is sturdy. He putted a foot on the first board, and putted another foot on the second board. The wood was heard groaning under his weight, but the bridge held tight. Izzy smiled at the correction of his theory and continued on his way.

>
 Izzy . . . he heard Matt's sharp voice, touched with anxiety. Come back here. As if he was afraid for him.

>
 Still walking, Izzy gazed over his shoulder to his friends. They were still standing far from the bridge, worry on every face. He made a puzzling grin. What was their problem with the bridge? It was logical. The bridge was strong enough. He had no trouble walking on it. Why would they worry? Why are you worrying over this? He stopped in his tracks in the middle of the bridge. He held on a rope to steady himself from the sway and fearlessly stomped on one of the bonds. It didn't break. Everything will be fine -

>
 Suddenly, with a sudden crack, the board creaked and broke under his foot. His foot came through the board, and Izzy lost his balance. The losing of his balance happened so fast that Izzy's hand, which was not gloved, got scraped by the rope as he tried to hold on. He felt stinging pain stabbing in his palm, and Izzy agonized, letting go of the rope. The dizzy sensation of falling filled his body.

>
 He could feel the strong, harsh air whistling among his body, biting his skin with cold teeth as he fell. He was upside-down, and, in silence, he could see his digimon flying down toward him, his claws outreached. Izzy couldn't make a move to reach on Tentomon's claws. He was too shocked from the fall to respond to anything. Only he was aware of the falling sensation and the pain in his hand.

>
 Then suddenly, the icy cold splashes of water surrounded him. Somehow, his head got hit by something, and his vision went black . .

.

>

>
 Is he hurt?

>
 Well, besides his bleeding hand, he is okay.

>
 The two strange voices broke through his blank mind, and as consciousness slowly crept back, Izzy could sense that he was laying down on his back. He was also wet, his clothing soaking wet, sticking

to his skin. Even his hair was stuck on his forehead and nose. But he was mostly aware of the two voices. They were very faint, but he could realize that they were feminine. One was low-pitched, was in an odd, mystical accent. The other was familiar to him, sounding like a human voice. It was deeply concerned. He urged to see the face of the voice, and he cracked his eyes open, but into a slit. All he could see was a dull, yellowish light.

>
 Hey, he is waking! came the accented voice.

>
 Then a soft black shadow came over him, shielding the light, and he could see two eyes in the shadow. Strangely, they were pale green, like some kinds of gems set in the earth. That were all he saw in his blurred vision. Then he heard the human voice speaking from the shadow, Are you okay?

>
 Izzy didn't have the chance to answer. His skin got icy-cold all over from his wet clothing. Shaking shivers trembled under his skin, biting through. But he couldn't move to halt them. He laid there, limp, letting the shivers shake him with bitter coldness.

>
 You are cold. Here. In his vision, the shadow shifted for a moment, then he felt something, like a blanket, covering him. Even though it was light in weight, it was surprisingly warm, as someone already used it, and already he felt his shivers fading away. Relief soothed over him, and he felt himself drifting to blackness.

>
 You will be okay. Sleep . . .

>

>
 He could feel the comfortable warmth on his cheeks when he drifted back to consciousness. He tiredly opened his eyes, and the sky of darkness with twinkling stars met his gaze. It was night. How long did he sleep? Allowing himself to look around, he saw a nearly fire, its tiny flames giving his warmth. He was covered by a pale yellow wind jacket, also offering warmth. Where was he? How?

>
 Ah, you are finally awake. I begin to worry that you would never wake.

>
 His gaze quickly turned to where the human voice was. He was surprised to see a short girl of his age walking toward him, a small bowl in her hands. She was clad in a white shirt and faded green shorts. Her hair was short behind her ears, the bangs clouding over her eyes. The hair was so pale in blonde, almost ivory in color. The eyes were green, but something in her eyes had dimmed them into a pale jade color. All about her was pale and fragile. There was weakness in her sad face, almost like she was sick.

>
 Izzy grunted and tried to sit up. Where am I? Somehow, he had no strength to stay sitting.

>
 The girl quickly putted the bowl aside and gently pushed him the ground. He could feel the tender, but weak press of the tiny hands on his chest. Hey, lay down, Red, the girl spoke, kneeling by him. The green eyes were concerned. You are still too weak. Here, drink.

>
 Izzy was allowed to sit up with the support of the girl, and he drank the sweet water from the bowl. Then he laid down, relieved. His black eyes watched the girl putting away the bowl and straightening the wind jacket. Who are you? he whispered, his voice a little harsh.

>
 The girl was laughing softly, but with a certain strength that made her sound faithful. I am your rescuer, Cleo Hakata. You have a nasty fall in the river, I presume.

>
 Something in his mind made Izzy look down to his left hand. He remembered that he felt pain from scrapes on his palm. He saw smooth, blue texture wrapping around his hand, letting free his thumb and fingers. His thumb felt the texture, and it felt like pure silk.

>
 Your hand was bleeding, so Honemon covered it with her silk so

it would heal.

>
 Izzy looked up at the girl, Cleo. She was looking toward the sky, and the firelight touched her cheekbones with an hue of orange and yellow. he asked, curious.

>
 She is my digimon, she responded. She is searching for your friends.

>
 How do you know I have friends? he asked in puzzlement.

>
 Cleo gazed down to him, a heartily smile on her lips. You called out their names in your sleep. She brushed a stray strand of ivory hair behind her ear and eyed him. What is your name, or should I call you Red?

>
 he answered.

>
 Cleo wrinkled her nose at his name, looking puzzled. What kind of name is that?

>
 That's what my friends call me.

>
 I will call you Red, anyway.

>
 Izzy found himself smiling at her. Although her face was frail, he found himself liking the way the firelight glowing on her face, coloring her pale eyes yellow-green. He liked the faint smile on her lips. Then, he saw something flashing at her neck, reflected orange-silver by the light. He saw that it was a kind of pendant hanging on a necklace. Oh, what is this?

>
 The girl clasped the necklace in her fist, looking a bit surprised, then took a long, sad look at it. She whispered, Oh. Well, it's the only precious treasure I have. She leaned forward, so Izzy could have a good look at the silver pendant on the necklace. The pendant was a silver butterfly in full flight, its wings wide open. It's a butterfly. My friends also call me Butterfly because I have a passion with them.

>
 Izzy's eyes turned from from the tiny butterfly to Cleo's face. Hers was close to his. Her eyes were glued to the butterfly, the faint smile back on her lips. He noticed that she looked a bit like a butterfly, although he couldn't remember how could he know. He smiled back, Then I will call you Butterfly, too.

>
 Cleo's green eyes flew from the her butterfly pendant to his black eyes. Something was brightening her eyes, something like . . . hope. She looked away, quietly clearing her throat. You need to sleep, Red. Wouldn't you want to be too weak to greet your friends, would you?

>
 Izzy returned his eyes up to the night sky. How could your Honemon find my friends? They could be anywhere.

>
 Cleo was fidgeting the small bowl in her hands, chuckling softly. I have faith in her. You should, too. Suddenly, Izzy heard clattering, like a bowl dropping to the ground. He turned his head to see Cleo clutching her chest, her face paled into deathly white, sweat drops forming on her forehead. Her eyes were wide with suffering pain.

>
 Deeply worried, Izzy struggled to sit up, landing a hand on her shoulder. Are you all right? You look pale. Are you ill or something?

>
 Cleo weakly pushed away Izzy's hand, creeping away from him. She was stammering, her face cringing with agony, Pl-please, Red. D-don't be concerned a-about m-me. I-I will be f-fine. She weakly tried to take a deep breath.

>
 But - Izzy protected, but Cleo whirled to him with so much agony and sorrow in her green eyes and face that he froze in his sitting position. Cleo was shaking her head in sorrow, and stood, entering the jungle. Her walk was staggering, as if she was dazed. She was holding her hand on her chest, slightly clutched.

>
 Izzy wanted to stand and go after the girl. He never saw

someone looking so ill. He was afraid she was very sick or something. He wanted to help her. But he was so tired, exhausted, and he found himself laying down and slumbering into blackness, the girl's sick face still on his mind . . .

>

>
 He was awake by a tiny hand shaking on his shoulder. Izzy yawned and opened his tired eyes. The pale face of Cleo smiled down at him. Blinking quickly, Izzy sat up, holding back another yawn. What is it, Cleo?

>
 Your friends are coming, she mentioned before she stood, taking her yellow wind jacket from Izzy's offering hands.

>
 Rubbing his eyes, Izzy looked at her in puzzlement. How could you know?

>
 Cleo gazed down to him, still smiling. The sunlight framed her face softly, not pale as he remembered before last night. In fact, she was not looking weak, now stronger in body. She was saying, Honemon told me. Besides, I hear footsteps.

>
 Now, as she mentioned it, Izzy began to hear faint noises, like dry leaves being crunched under many feet. The next minute, he saw his close friends running toward him the moment they were out of the jungle. He was glad to see them, and he hugged them back, welcoming the familiar concern and compassion of friends.

>
 Are you all right? Matt was asking, kneeling by him.

>
 Yeah, I am undamaged except for my hand. He showed his left hand, which was covered with the strange blue silk.

>
 Honemon told us what had happened to you, said Joe, usual anxiety in his dusky eyes.

>
 Izzy grinned warmly. I owed all my life to Cleo. He turned to see Cleo standing several feet away with a creature hovering nearby. It must be Honemon, and it was not a surprise to Izzy, because Honemon was butterfly-like. About a couple of feet in length, Honemon's slender body was all blue. Her eyes were all deep green, unlike her partner's pale eyes. She had green coiled antennas that were similar to Tentomon's. She had six limbs in total -four arms and two legs. She had magnificent orange wings with tiny blue spots, flapping casually behind her back, hovering near Cleo protectively. Both the eyes of pale jade and bright emerald were watching the kids with both hope and uncertainty.

>
 Sora stood, gratefulness on her smile. We thank you, Cleo.

>
 Cleo shyly brushed back a strand of her pale hair from her eyes and smiled back. Now I see that Red - I mean, Izzy is all right, we will be on our way. Almost hesitantly, Cleo turned to leave.

>
 Izzy heard Tai exclaiming. Why won't you come with us? We could use more power to fight the evil digimon, and also, it's safe to travel in numbers.

>
 Cleo gazed back to him, faintly smiling. I have been traveling alone with Honemon for a long time. We have learned to fight.

>
 But it's safe to be with us, said Mimi.

>
 Yes, please, Cleo, Izzy heard himself pleading. Stay with us.

>
 Cleo's eyes met Izzy's eyes, looking a bit surprised, then shyly lowered her eyes. Ok, I will go with you. But whatever your purpose here in Digiworld, it's not mine. I am not a Digidestined or anything like that. I'm here for something else.

>
 What's it? Izzy said, usually curious.

>
 Somehow, Cleo hesitated, biting on her lower lip, but, then, to Izzy's horror, Cleo's eyes suddenly widened with great pain. With both her hands, she clutched on her chest, hunched over. Wheezing gasps were heard from her throat. She fell to her knees, whimpering as Honemon helplessly hovered over her, her own eyes full with

distress as well.

>
 Izzy went up to his feet, and dashed to her, holding her in his arms. He could feel her wheezes in her back. Matt and Sora also ran to her, trying to help her, but Cleo, still clutching at her chest, waved them away. However, Cleo didn't leave from Izzy's embrace, her head resting on his shoulder.

>
 She was speaking, her voice so weak like a whisper, I - I am fine, r-really. She wiped away sweat from her forehead and took a deep breath. It's just my condition.

>
 I knew it, Izzy said, seeing the paleness in her face. You are ill. Please, if there's anything we can do -

>
 Cleo weakly shook her head. No. Nothing. She sounded like there was no hope. Her hands fragily touched her chest before they fell in her lap. Her wheezes were gone, replaced by faint pants.

>
 Izzy looked at the butterfly digimon as she spoke, and he remembered that her voice was the accented one. Honemon was sounded uncertain, but with a bit of faith. Cleo, maybe we should tell them. Maybe they have what you search for.

>
 Cleo raised her head to gaze at Honemon. Izzy saw something in her pale eyes. Fright, but certain about something else. She sighed, then looked at the kids. You deserved to hear why am I here, but first, we should make lunch. You look hungry.

>
 Tai laughed heartily, like nothing had happened. You read our minds.

>
 Cleo smiled. There are fruit trees nearby. Honemon can show you where.

>
 Tai nodded and said, Come on, Matt! Together, Tai, Matt, Agumon, and Gabumon followed after Honemon into the trees.

>
 Joe watched them go and glanced to the dying fire. Well, I guess we should get more wood for the fire. Coming, TK?

>
 said a cheerful TK. He and his digimon went after the black-haired boy and the white digimon, entering the jungle. Sora and Mimi chose to stay near the fire, knowing smiles on their lips.

>
 Cleo was watching the kids, looking a little lonely. She turned to smile at Izzy, saying, You have good friends, Red - I mean Izzy.

>
 Izzy didn't even look at anyone except to Cleo. Yeah, and you can call me Red.

>
 Cleo slowly blinked, staring back, and Izzy saw a soft blush among her cheeks. She lowered her head and murmured, Let me see your hand.

>
 As Cleo gently cared for his injured hand, Izzy watched her face. He liked her. He liked the way the pale eyes sparkled in the sunlight, even thought they looked dimmed. They may be weak, but they held something that made them sparkle - hope. He liked her face. Though fragile, he thought she look pretty in a way. He smiled quietly.

>
 Did it hurt? she said.

>
 Izzy's eyes still took in details of her face.

>
 Her eyes raised to gaze at him through the ivory bangs. Red? Did it hurt? With her thumb, she pressed on the silk that covered his palm.

>
 Izzy yelled in pain, his eyes wide. He jerked his hand from her hands, clutching on it. He felt his cheeks going hot as he heard, from behind, Sora and Mimi giggling.

>
 Cleo tried to hold back a laugh. Funny. You didn't respond like that before when I asked if it hurts.

>
 Still blushing, Izzy checked on his hand. Yeah, it hurts. But I think it's healing already. He grinned up to the girl. Thanks, Butterfly.

>
 Now it was Cleo's turn to blush.

>
 Her blush was gone by the arrival of the kids. Joe and TK came with wood to add to the fire. Cleo and Izzy went to help until Tai, Matt, and the digimon arrived, delicious-looking fruit overflowing in their arms. They sat in a circle near a fire, Izzy sitting next to Cleo. She listened to the kids' stories, probably had been lonely for a long time with only the company of her Honemon. The digimon sat by their humans' sides as silent guardians, their multi-colored eyes sparkling devoutly. The kids had a good time until Honemon got Cleo's attention.

>
 Go ahead, Cleo. Tell them, she spoke.

>
 The blithe look on Cleo's face faded, and her fingers fidgeted with a half-eaten reddish fruit in her lap. Her pale eyes were firm. About what had happened earlier, it was part of my illness. You see, I was very ill for a long time. My illness is in my chest. No doctors knew what was wrong, but they knew there was no cure for me. I remembered one time I was so ill that I had to stay in the hospital. I had been praying that I would find a cure for my illness. Cleo made a confused shrug. The next thing I know, I found myself here in this world. I hadn't known what to do, but then Gennai came - Do you know Gennai? The kids answered with nods. Cleo chuckled. Well, you are the Digidestined. You probably know everything.

>
 Well, not everything, said Sora, sitting by Cleo. But we surely know a lot.

>
 Cleo smiled at the older girl, then continued, Gennai didn't expect to see me, I don't know why. But he told me that I was supposed to wait for a person who has something I need to cure myself. Something called a crest. A Crest of Heart.

>
 Crest of Heart? Tai said, raising his eyebrows. He shook his head. I'm afraid we don't hear of it.

>
 Cleo nodded, That's okay. Gennai said I shouldn't expect too much. I have to be patient.

>
 All the kids turned to Gabumon, who was asking Honemon, How about you, Honemon? What is your purpose with Cleo?

>
 Honemon simply folded her wings like a butterfly would do and replied, her voice strangely accented, I'm not bonded to her like you guys. Gennai chose me to be her guide and protector. I don't know why he did it, but I'm glad he did. We learned a lot from each other and became close friends. Her crooked grin beamed up to Cleo.

>
 Cleo grinned to her. I'm glad, too. Then her eyes closed, and she lightly rubbed at her chest. Her face slightly paled. Izzy anxiously touched her arm with care, and she smiled back, grateful.

>
 When her condition passed, Izzy asked, How bad is your illness?

>
 Cleo rubbed on her cheeks before answered, Well, I didn't suffer as much as I was at home. Mostly, I suffer dizziness and loss of breath. Her eyes were full of relaxation. Otherwise, I am fine. You shouldn't worry over me. It's common to me.

>
 Don't worry, Cleo, said Izzy courageously, his black eyes sparkling. We will help you search for the Crest of Heart. Won't we, guys?

>
 In the response to him, A chorus of voices in agreement rang in the air.

>
 Cleo's smile grew hopeful. Thanks, guys.

>

>
 They were walking through the jungle. Cleo welcomed the warm sunlight on her face. Not since she arrived in Digiworld, she didn't really have the chance to enjoy the beauty. A breeze swayed her ivory hair, feeling the tickles on her neck. For the first time, Cleo felt

confident. She gazed at the kids in front of her. Her new friends. She wondered if they would help her find her Crest of Heart. After all, they were the famous Digidestined she have heard of, and anything could be possible for them. Cleo felt that they will help her.

>
 As if they were alive, her pale eyes gazed over to Izzy, who walked by her side. He hadn't left her side, as if he was really concerned about her condition. Cleo felt grateful. She wondered why did she feel attracted to him. She just liked the way his bright red hair shone in the sunlight, seemed so like violent fire. His black eyes were so deep, so fathomless that she often stare in them, wondering if she would fall in the black pits. She found herself sighing as she stared at the unaware Izzy. His comfort and compassion really touched her heart that the pain in her chest was all gone, leaving her relieved.

>
 The pain . . . Cleo's eyes lowered to the ground. The pain was getting stronger and more frequent. The dizziness happened more often than before. She didn't know how long had she been here in the Digiworld, but she knew longer she stayed here, weaker her body grew at home. She needed to hurry and find the Crest of Heart. But she lived a life of sickness. Here, she didn't suffer as much. She was almost . . . free from her illness. She wished not to leave the world. She would not want to leave Honemon and, also, Izzy.

>
 As if she expected it, she felt a sudden blast of dull dizziness bursting in her head, pounding at her temples. She also felt a tiny but red-hot pain stabbing in her chest, not as painful as used to be. Habitually, she touched at her chest, hoping that the pain will go away as fast as it could.

>
 Then she felt a comforting hand coming in her hand and gripping it firmly. The hand gave her so much compassion that the pain and dizziness faded quickly. Looking up, she saw Izzy gazing at her with deep concern in his fathomless eyes. Cleo stared back in silence, gratefulness in her eyes. Then she saw a deep blush among Izzy's cheeks, and he looked away, letting go her hand. She also let his hand go, feeling a hot blush in her face. But she smiled.

>
 Soon, they stopped at the edge of the jungle. Cleo could see a beautiful meadow spreading by areas, the forest circling it. Tall grass swayed in the breeze as blossoms of blue, pink, and white speckled the meadow. The kids and digimon stood, enjoying the sight. Cleo smiled, glad that Izzy was with her, who was also enjoying the sight. When Tai, the leader, stepped in the meadow, the other kids followed. Together, Cleo and Izzy began to step in, but, for some reason, their digimon grabbed on the arms and held them back.

>
 Izzy looked up to his digimon, What's it, Tentomon?

>
 Cleo could hear the tension in both Tentomon's voice and fluttering wings, I sensed something.

>
 Honemon was nodding in agreement with the beetle digimon. Me, too. Her deep emerald eyes glinted distrustfully at the meadow.

>
 Tai took a long look at the meadow, then said, We have to cross the meadow, but this time, be ready, guys. He said the last to the eight digimon, who nodded in obedience and moved closer to their partners. Honemon and Tentomon reluctantly let Cleo and Izzy to entered the meadow. As Cleo walked with Izzy, she gazed up to her digimon, wondering if she knew something about the meadow. She trusted in Honemon's caution, but often, she couldn't help wondering why. Izzy was also glancing at his digimon with curiosity.

>
 When they arrived at the center of the meadow, Cleo suddenly heard a growling from the forest. The kids also heard it, stopping in their tracks, now cautious and tense. Izzy pushed Cleo behind him, his face hard. Cleo held on his arms, peeking over his shoulder,

anxious. Then she saw a huge digimon stopping out from the forest. He looked like a massive grizzly bear standing on fours, with yellow fur that looked more like feathers. Bull like horns, jet-black, slanted forward on his head. A long, lion-like tail swung behind, covered with spikes. His eyes, pure red like rubies, glared at the group.

>
 What's that? muttered Izzy.

>
 muttered Honemon, flapping her wings tensely.

>
 The digimon, Loxamon, growled and opened his large mouth. Suddenly, a storm of dust blew from his mouth, gusting toward the kids. Sand stung at her cheeks, burning them, and Cleo held up her arms to shield her face and eyes. She began to run away from the storm, too blind to see where she goes. When the storm cleared, Cleo looked up to see that she was separated from everyone. In fact, everyone was separated from each other. The digimon stayed by their humans' sides, all glaring at Loxamon.

>
 And the digimon attacked.

>
 Blue Blaster!

>
 Pepper Breath!

>
 Super Shocker!

>
 Unfortunately, the fire and electric attacks do a little harm to Loxamon. The attacks harmlessly bounced off the yellow fur.

>
 Silk Web!

>
 A series of blue silk, shaped like cobwebs spat from Honemon's mouth and soared toward Loxamon. They stuck on Loxamon's shoulder, but he simply ripped it off with a flick of his paw. Loxamon stood back on his hind legs, his red eyes glaring down the the group. He raised his claws up in the air.

>
 Air Claw!

>
 Loxamon drove his claws down, drawing several glowing blue slices in the air. The blue slices hovered toward the kids, and they tried to dodge out of their way.

>
 An Air Claw barely missed Cleo just before she ducked to the ground. Looking up, she searched for Izzy, worried for him. Then she saw him, several feet away. He was dodging the Air Claws, but he didn't see another one hovering toward his back.

>
 Cleo ran to him as fast as she could. Izzy turned to her call of his name, seeing her running toward him, not knowing about the Air Claw behind him. Hands outspread, Cleo pushed Izzy in his chest, pushing him down to the ground. At that instant, the Air Claw struck right in her chest. Cleo could feel the intense burns eating on her chest, and she collapsed in great pain.

>
 She felt concerned arms holding her up, and Cleo looked up to see the fathomless eyes of Izzy on her. He looked deeply worried. Are you all right?

>
 Struggling against the pain, Cleo weakly smiled.

>
 Then Cleo heard a shrill whistle coming closer. Izzy and Cleo looked up and saw another Air Claw whistling toward them. Tense, both Izzy and Cleo huddling on each other, their eyes closed, both waiting for the outcome.

>
 Honemon, digivolve into . . . Dewimon!_

>
 A blur of blue and orange swooped past the kids and picked up Cleo and Izzy out of the way. The Air Claw crashed to the crash. Then Cleo and Izzy were placed back the ground, safe. Both looked up to see who saved them.

>
 A digimon that looked like a human female clad in a billowing dress of light blue and lilac hovered in the air, held up by her magnificent orange butterfly wings, glittering in the sunlight. Black antennas curled from the top of her head, curling over flowing blue hair. Somehow, this digimon was alike to Honemon. _A/N: More like Lillymon. ^^_

>
 Cleo murmured, gazing at her champion digimon in confused awe.

>
 Dewimon smiled, her orange eyes sparkling. A savage growl made her turn to face Loxamon, who glared at her with hatred. Dewimon spread her wings and soared up in the air. She hovered above Loxamon, who was still standing on his hind legs.

>
 Ice Tempest! Her wings fluttered faster. Gusts formed around her, forming an ice storm. Wings whistled around Loxamon, attacking with shreds of ice. Loxamon got partly frozen before he made an agonized growl and escaped into the jungle.

>
 Dewimon turned to the kids and spoke in the same accent as her rookie stage, Come on, kids. We must get out of here before Loxamon decides to come back.

>
 The kids obeyed her, running to the other side of the meadow. Cleo was still weak from the Air Claw's attack, but Dewimon picked her up carefully like a infant. Cleo noticed that Izzy remained at Dewimon's side, his black eyes concerned as he gazed at her. Cleo shyly smiled back, and he grinned, looking relieved.

>
 When they finally arrived in the safety of the jungle, they settled in a clearing so they could rest. Dewimon putted Cleo down by a tree; Izzy still remained with her. Cleo remembered the legends that the Digidestined have the power to make their digimon digivolve only when necessary. Honemon chose to digivolve on her own to save Cleo and Izzy, and she couldn't dedigivolve back unless she chose to. Dewimon stood near Cleo, her orange eyes scanning the meadow to make sure they were safe.

>
 Cleo heard a shifting near her side and turned to see Izzy sitting by her, his eyes glinting with wonder. he whispered, You saved my life. Again.

>
 Cleo starred back, unable to say anything.

>
 Suddenly, a humming sound was heard near. The kids tensed up, as the digimon stood in a fighting stance, their eyes looking around. Then, as if by magic, a faint image of an old man appeared in the center of the clearing. He grinned calmly at them.

>
 All the kids exhaled in relief. Joe muttered, At least give us a warning you are here. We thought you were Loxamon or some evil digimon. All nodded.

>
 Gennai gave out a soft chuckle and spoke, Actually, I am here to check on Cleo. His black eyes turned to Cleo, who stood up with the help of Izzy. How are you feeling, Cleo?

>
 I'm fine, said the girl, walking up to the man.

>
 Have you found it yet?

>
 Cleo shook her head.

>
 Gennai then appeared sad, his head bowed. Then I fear that I may be wrong. There may be no Crest of Heart. I know there are crests out there, but I fear that none of them may be the one you are searching for.

>
 Cleo's face went pale, but not by her illness. But . . . you said there is a person here who does have what I need. You said so!

>
 Gennai looked up. I am sorry, Cleo.

>
 Cleo felt cold tears running down her cheeks. She rarely cries, but because of Gennai's news, her hope was completely destroyed. Then, there is no hope for me. I have no reason to live. Overwhelmed by emotions, Cleo ran away from the kids, entering the jungle, crying.

>
 Izzy then turned to Gennai, his eyes burning with ire. There have to be something for her! There have to be!

>
 To his astonishment, Izzy saw Gennai gazing back with a strange glint in his eyes, as if he knew something. You know it,

Izzy, he said calmly, Look in your heart.

>
 Confused and upset, Izzy ran in the jungle in search for Cleo. Behind him, he could hear the shiftings of feet, as if his friends were going to search for him, but then the accented voice of Dewimon spoke, Let him go. Ducking under branches, Izzy kept running until he could see Cleo, still crying, running.

>
 Izzy called out. Please, stop! Butterfly!

>
 Finally, Cleo slowed down at his voice. Her face was buried by her hands, tears streaming through the fingers. Izzy arrived to her and wrapped his arms around her, holding her to his chest. Cleo returned his embrace, sobbing into his shirt. What can I do now, Izzy? There is no hope.

>
 Izzy gently brought her to the ground, she sitting on his lap, rocking her. I know there is something for you to heal yourself. I will help you.

>
 Cleo gazed up, and Izzy was suddenly awed at how the silver streaks left by her tears touched her cheeks with radiance. The pale green eyes, wet with tears, were bright and vivid. You will? she spoke as a wondering whisper.

>
 Izzy smiled, his fingers wiping away the streaks. His black eyes glowed by the sunlight. I promise you, Butterfly.

>
 Cleo slowly smiled back, the smile again touching her face with radiance. Thank you, Red.

>
 His smile widened, his face coming closer to hers, until his smile met with her smile. He kissed her with hidden tenderness and mildness. He was amazed at how soft her lips were, like silk, like Honemon's silk. He loved the softness of her lips. He loved her.

>
 When they broke off the kiss, she was looking astounded at him, her pale eyes wide. Red . . . she murmured. Then she placed her own tender kiss on his lips. The kiss was full of softness that he wished he would never let go of the softness. She let go the kiss and gazed at him. My goodness . . . We know each other for only a day.

>
 Izzy quickly shook his head, still smiling. Uh-uh. A day and a night. His hand went to hold on her hand, feeling the small fingers and the soft skin. It may sound silly, but since you saved my life, I felt something inside me.

>
 Her eyes lowered to his hand, watching the fingers playing with hers. Me, too.

>
 I assure it's a specific emotion that many people would experience when they encounter someone they wish to grow closer than ever.

>
 He looked up at her soft laugh. Her eyes were sparkling merrily with affection. Why won't you simply say you love me? It's simple logic, Red.

>
 Izzy smiled. Do you want me to say it?

>
 Cleo's hand entwined with his hand, holding on firmly. Her pale eyes held on his dark eyes. I think you already did.

>
 I did, didn't? he murmured before he placed another tender kiss on her lips. This time, the kiss was passionate. He tightened his embrace as she curved her arms around his neck, running her hand through his mane of fiery red. The lips never leaved each other. They were aware of only each other, of their love for each other. Then a sweet hum echoed in the air. She broke off the kiss, glancing down to his chest where the hum came from. She saw a deep glow from under his shirt, glowing vivid purple-blue.

>
 What is that? Cleo said. Izzy saw the glow and reached in his shirt, pulling out two crests. One was glowing, but the other was humming. She took a look at the two crests and gasped. Her eyes flew to his face. You carry two crests! She took off the humming crest,

the pale purple one from his neck and eyed it with awe. It's the Crest of Heart!

>
 Izzy became astounded. That's why his crest wanted him to find the Crest of Heart. He was the person who had what she needs. He remembered that Gennai told him to look in his heart. Perhaps the Crest of Heart was also the guide for him to find what he searches for. Someone who he would trust and love. But then he grew curious, gazing at the crest in her hands. But it's broken.

>
 Cleo's eyes suddenly faded into a very pale green, almost grey-white. She bowed her head. Oh . . . that's right.

>
 Butterfly, what do you need to heal yourself?

>
 Uh, the doctors said I need new blood. My blood is bad.

>
 That was another reason why Izzy had the Crest of Heart. Cleo needed his blood to live. Then what you are really searching for is new blood. You don't need only the Crest of Heart. You also need my blood.

>
 Cleo gazed up to him, slightly confused. But how? I can't just carry your blood back to the home world.

>
 Maybe you don't have to. The Crest of Heart might be a vessel to carry my blood. My blood can merge the crest back together. I am sure of that.

>
 Her eyes lightened up. Really? You can do it?

>
 Izzy lovingly touched her cheek, smiling. Didn't I promise you I will help you? Let's do it. With a sudden pull, he tore off the silk wrap from his left hand. Bursts of pain stabbed like thousands of needles in his hands, and he slightly cringed in agony. He could see that his hand still was not healing. His palm was covered with raw scrapes, some still bleeding a bit. Taking the Crest of Heart in his other hand, Izzy bit on his lower lip and squeezed his blood over the cloudy screen. Drops splashed on the screen one by one, and as the kids watched in awe, the blood fluttered through the screen, filling in between the crack. The crack began to merge together until the Crest of Heart was one, the half-heart and star back together.

>
 Looking up, Izzy saw some changes in Cleo's face. Color came back in her cheeks, forming rosy spots. Her limp hair became fuller, more golden color in the hair. Her eyes were still pale, but they seemed more brighter, full with life. She was more beautiful, thought Izzy.

>
 Cleo took the crest and smiled. You are the one I am waiting for. She putted it on. Suddenly, at their far right, they saw a portal forming in midair, colored white and purple. Izzy saw sadness passing across her face, and she stood up, facing the portal.

>
 He stood up beside her, holding on her hand.

>
 Her eyes were unwavering, gazing at the portal as she spoke, Now that I found what I was searching for, I don't have to be here anymore. I have to go back.

>
 What?! No! Please, stay.

>
 She turned to him, her hands firmly entwining in his hands. If I stay, my body back home would not get cured. I have to go back so I could cure myself.

>
 I will go with you, Izzy said, unable to bear the thought of losing her.

>
 No, Red. Cleo sadly shook her head. You are needed here. The Digiworld and Digimon need you more than I need you. But, don't worry. I will wait for you. That's what butterflies are for. They wait for someone to catch them. And you already caught me, my Red. She placed a passionate kiss on his lips and smiled. Thank you.

>
 Izzy's hand refused to let go of her hands. He felt angry tears misting over his eyes, but didn't fall out. For what? I gave

you nothing but the Crest of Heart and my blood.

>
 Yes, you did, Red, Cleo said, gently wiping away the coming tears from his eyes. You gave me your life and love. I wouldn't have lived if it's not for you. Now . . . She took off her necklace, the silver butterfly sparkling with the light of the glowing portal. I give you my love and this.

>
 Izzy gazed at the butterfly necklace and slowly shook his head, looking back to her. No, Butterfly. It's your only precious treasure.

>
 Cleo placed the necklace in his hands and closed them, holding them to her chest, over her heart. Now, I have two. And I wish to see them together. Wear it, Red, so you would remember me. She waited while Izzy putted on the necklace, the butterfly still sparkling even brighter. She reached to touch his chest, the butterfly between them. And if you ever get home, look me up, okay?

>
 Izzy held on her hand and nodded. Of course, I will.

>
 Cleo wrapped her arms around him, and he returned the embrace tightly, wishing he would never let her go. The embrace lasted for a few moments, then Cleo looked up to his black eyes, smiling at the fathomless love in his eyes. Good-bye, my Red. I love you. She kissed him, then turned to face the portal.

>
 I love you, too, my Butterfly, Izzy spoke, his voice nearly cracking with emotions. With a last look of pure passion, Cleo, his butterfly, left the Digiworld, the portal closing into nothing. Izzy stood there, staring at where the portal had been, hoping against hope that the portal would open again, and Cleo would come back in his arms. But it didn't open at all. He let tears running down his face, and he sat down, remembering about his few but cherished memories with his butterfly. Somehow, Izzy felt his eyes drooping down, until he felt asleep, alone under the lightening stars above.

>

>
 Izzy! Wake up!

>
 At the familiar voice, Izzy groaned and woke up slowly. In his vision, he saw the face of his digimon nearby. He also noticed that all his friends were there, surrounding him, their faces worried. It was day time, the sunlight shining from above. He rubbed his eyes and sat up. What happened?

>
 You have been gone all night, answered Matt from near. We are getting worried. Where is Cleo?

>
 At the name, Izzy quickly scanned around to see if she finally came back, but there was no sign of the pale eyes or the faint smile. Izzy murmured almost sadly. Cleo . . .

>
 Dewimon is gone, too, Tentomon said, also sounding worried.

>
 Izzy lowered his eyes, trying to hide the overwhelming emotions in his voice. Cleo . . . has to go somewhere.

>
 Oh, I hope she would find the thing she is searching for, Sora said, concerned.

>
 She will find it sooner than you think, Izzy replied, his voice still soft.

>
 Tai landed a hand on his shoulder. Are you all right? You look tired.

>
 I am all right. Izzy gazed at his left hand and was surprised that his hand was somehow healed back to normal.

>
 Are you hungry? asked Mimi gently. We have something for you to eat back at the camp.

>
 Izzy managed to grin at her. Thanks, Mimi. I will come later. I need to be alone for a while.

>
 Are you sure? his digimon said, concerned. Izzy nodded

silently, his dark eyes unusually sad. Okay, we will see you back at the camp. Tentomon, with the group, left Izzy all alone, they still worried, but wise enough to understand.

>
 Izzy watched them disappearing in the jungle, and leaned against a tree, wondering. He wondered if it was all a dream. Sure, the group did remember her and her digimon, but Izzy wondered if his confession with her was really a figment of his imagination, his loneliness. He wondered if she was really waiting for him back in the home world. Sighing, he gazed down and nearly startled at the sudden flash of silver on his chest. Then he saw a necklace around his neck, and on it, hung a silver butterfly, its wings wide open as if ready for flight.

>
 Overjoyed, Izzy clasped on the butterfly, tears of joy streaming down his face. It was no dream! It was real after all! She does love him, and he loved her back! He took his time staring lovingly at the butterfly, remembering his own butterfly with her wonderful green eyes and delicate face. He took a small kiss on the butterfly.

>
 I will wait and catch you again, my Butterfly.

>
 He tucked the necklace under his shirt and stood up, heading for the camp, tears of joy still on his face.

>
 NEVER THE END *^_^*

>
 SIGHS

End
file.